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STAR OF THE MORNING.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Star of the Morning! Hail!
Thy beams upon the glowing earth
That dances like love's melted smile,
Are like the sunshine of a bride.
I see thy course as all is still,
And yet around me light, light light!

Star of the Morning! ah, I know
Thy beams are a new day to me!
Thy coming is a prophecy
Of joy that I shall surely see.
Shine on! shine on! thou glorious thou light!
Thou shalt to me be night, and night!

Star of the Morning! I behold
Thy light upon the waters! surely yes
A prophet radiance that we see
The pathway to eternity—
Thou shalt to me be night!—
With thanks and me light, only light!

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" cried Blanche, faintly trembling, for almost the first time in her life, at the terrible thought of re-capture; "to be taken now is fruitful worse than death!"

"We will not to taken alive, Miss Blanche! we will not be taken alive!" was the hurried response of Eugene. "If it be Heavy or death!"

"Yes! no! no!" cried Seth, straining every nerve to speed, and half lifting Blanche along in his flight. "Heavy, not death—no! no! Blanche must be saved, agreed to be more awful even than death! Oh, amazing spirit, too—for the yelping brutes is coming out in every direction; but the dark, grim 'll kiver us of we don't run sigh none on long!"

His words contained too much of truth for the safety of the flying fugitives; for, from nearly every lodge, some startled warrior suddenly bore forth into the storm, and directed his course toward the center of the village, to the point where the alarm signal had first been given and was still loudly sounding, while his wild yells, with what became commingled the sharper screeches of women and children, and the baying and barking of dogs, the whole together making a scene of noise, confusement and confusion which beggars all description, and which might have completely paralyzed the nerves of any who had for the first time been greeted by such horrible sounds.

And at this moment, too, as if to make "confusion worse confounded," there came, in the distance, a series of shouts and yells of a different nature, yet to keeping with the scene, when two of our friends at least knew to proceed from the gallant scouts at the rendezvous; and soon after, the clattering and thundering sounds of their captured horses could be plainly heard, as they gallantly bore down for the term, according to previous arrangement—an arrangement which the young Virginian and the hostess must have deeply regretted, since their very forethought in this respect might prove the most fatal error of their whole proceedings—for, should their friends indeed pass them in the darkness, and soon become involved with their enemies, it seemed next to impossible that any should escape.

"Forward! forward! for God's sake, forward!" fairly yelled Eugene; "we must stop our friends, or all will be lost!"

Almost as he spoke, a shadowy figure, fairly seen, appeared suddenly before the fugitives, while in reaching distance, and a quick ejaculation in the Indian tongue warned them it was a savage foe. So suddenly indeed, did the figure appear, looming up in the almost raging darkness, that they were scarcely able to rein their steeds in time to avoid running against it.

But Seth Harper seemed ready for the emergency; it was a time for instant action, and for action he was armed; and during the rein of Blanche, he made a sudden bound forward, and, with a sort of a wild howl, drew his knife to the very hilt through the breast of the stalwart warrior. The blow was given like lightning, and instantly repeated over two or three times, with the quickness and power which belong only to Hercules strength and great muscular ability. And as the warrior sank down with a yell of surprise, terror and pain, Seth sprang back to Blanche, and almost dragging her over his prostrate body, said quickly, though somewhat gruffly and half regretfully:

"Oh, friends; on! That fine red nigger's dead meat, but that's no time to stop for his feather-twisted scalp!"

The detention of the party by this bloody adventure, was scarcely of half a minute's duration; but the different exclamations had been heard by other savages in the vicinity, who forthwith began to hasten their steps toward the point from which our friends were now so eagerly flying.

"On! on! for the love of God!" cried Eugene.

"Yes, on! on!" responded Seth; "for that 'll soon be hungry howling devils over that nigger's carcase, just like so many zuglar's over a dead wolf!"

Fortunately our friends met with no other interruption till they reached the outskirts of the village, the distance to which was not far, though the terrible screeches and yells all around them, on every side, sounded as if there were only within a few feet, told them how providentially they were actually taking their flight through living fires of the most imminent danger.

Could they but fly over the outer limits of the village and the edge of the open field, however, when the thundering trend of a small party of horse, with the united yells of their riders, the piercing shouts, warned them that they had now reached a fearful crisis of their fate! for if those pursuers, forward in hope!

"Hold! hold! for God's sake, hold! We are here; here! Save us! save us!" shouted Eugene.

"Hurray for old Wrigley and old Kaintuck!" yelled Seth, at the very top of his lungs; his loud, coarse voice sending to the above and almost drown all other sounds.

His words were heard and understood, though those of Eugene were not. And they were heard and understood not a moment too soon; for the foremost horseman was almost upon them; and as the deep-toned agony called, as he barely to clear the party on foot, and was suddenly joined by his strong and active rider, the dirt of his heels was thrown sharply against the face and faces of our friends.

"Up ho! be quiet!" he yelled at the same time, so loudly and deadly as to reach the ears of his companions, and by them thundering to his side, for this was a signal which all understood.

But there was great danger in this movement, made as it was in the darkness; and not all the three on foot started back a few paces, they would have been thrown down and trampled under the rushing and wheeling beasts.

"Who's that?" immediately called out the mounted, the instant the others had been brought to a halt—a voice which was immediately recognized by Seth and Eugene as belonging to the renegade and daring Simon Kenton.

"Here we is, in the hell of us—the Cornel's darter and all—and only one red nigger's blood drawed on the way!" answered Seth, in the height of his spitfire humane mood, of you don't take us aboard, for we've stirred up the whole hornet's nest, so you can hear for yourselves, and some of the buzzing varmine will be arter us for a sting. Hark! that fellow's voice!"

"Quick! quick! for God's sake!" shouted Eugene; "for Miss Blanche here be mounted behind; it is too late!"

As he spoke, several loud, wild, fierce, demoniac yells were uttered a short distance behind them, accompanied by a discharge of firearms, when the one half of which came whizzing past in close proximity to those at whom they had been fired at random.

"Here! here!" called out several voices at the same instant, and the sound of the voices directly themselves from their horses, each holding his animal for the mounting of the fair lady.

Blanche was immediately hurried forward by Seth and Eugene, and almost ere she was aware, was lifted and placed upon the back of a fiery animal, with the strong arm of a gallant rider thrown securely around her waist; and at the same moment Seth and Eugene mounted themselves behind their steeds, and then the sonorous voice of the leader sang out:

"Ready, now?" And the instant he received an affirmative response, he added: "Back to the meeting-place for the Cubber horses!"

Away the whole party instantly flew like the wind—the steeds, with a fatality amounting almost to instinct, being able to correctly guide their horses to the point they wished to reach.

But on reaching it, they found, to their great chagrin, that the other horses, which they had left in the care of the negro, were gone. Keaton rapped out a few savage oaths, and was instantly joined by most of the others, each in his own characteristic manner.

SETH HARPER REMOVES AN OBSTACLE.

"That 'ar is fellar!" cried Seth; "of that dar blundering fool of a nigger black nigger don't be the death of all on us, I'll be his fault; for he's a used hard enough, and when the first minute I set eyes unto his woolly head, I'll be bound. Leave him with the horses—the confloonal, scoundrel! He'll never be up to the mischief of a single stroke of his business! Oh, Lord! of ever I gives to save him agin, may I be—I'll be—I'll be—I'll be—"

And with this he began to shout alternately, "Black nigger! fiendish!! Duke!" at the very top of his lungs; till, getting somewhat out of breath, he hotly rounded up with a volley of the most wicked oaths that he could think of, and positively swore that, "if ever he got hold o' the nigger agin, he'd skin him alive!"

But this was a waste of time and amounted to nothing; for the negro was gone, and so were the horses; and as the Indians were still heard yelling out their rage and alarm, and a party of them apparently passing hereby, it became a matter of the most desperate importance for our friends to continue their flight in the best manner they could.

Seth's quick-off directed Eugene, almost without a word, how to proceed; and he instantly settled upon his incredible escape! If we cannot go single, some of our horses must carry double, as they nearly have done; but I must insist upon Miss Blanche being put under my charge!"

"Yes! yes!" returned Blanche: "I will go with Mr. Eugene. I will go with you; and may God and so deliverance from our fears!"

To make the change required occupied but a few moments; and then the mysterious voice of the leader was heard giving the orders:

"Well; take to the woods together," he said, "and try to keep together. Let every man look to his arms, and be ready to do his duty to old Kaintuck and Wrigley fashion!—and let every one, too, bear up to the persistence of the gal! We'll strike off to the right here, and try the best as we know how to hit the bank of the Little Miami; and if we can reach and keep down that, and not run afoul of more of the Cubber red niggers as is out crier to, we'll do some good work as soon as it comes light, and fetch our horses and their owners safe to the Ohio settlements before night!"

Quick! quick! for God's sake!" shouted Eugene; "for Miss Blanche here be mounted behind; it is too late!"

As he spoke, several loud, wild, fierce, demoniac yells were uttered a short distance behind them, accompanied by a discharge of firearms, when the one half of which came whizzing past in close proximity to those at whom they had been fired at random.

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a vigilant and anxious watch was kept till the first dull gray of morning began to weaken the awful blackness, and show a dim outline of surrounding objects, which was the signal for remounting and again resuming the journey with what speed they could.

Accordingly the whole party were soon under way again, and sliding at a comparatively swift pace along the banks of a smaller stream, which they believed to be the Little Miami. As it gradually grew lighter, the pace was gradually increased, and in something like half an hour their horses were all put to their mettle; for all were now fearfully convinced that the Indians were beginning to set out upon their trail; and with the dangers which might be before, it certainly behooved the party not to permit themselves to be overtaken by the party behind.

On, on they sped, for another half hour; when suddenly the foremost horsemen reined in their steeds; then a few quick words passed between them and the rest that came up, who also brought their horses to a halt: and as Eugene raised up his in not a little alarm, he heard a thundering, fearful, during sound to the left; and ere he could fairly comprehend what the danger might be, he caught the glimpse of a horse rushing furiously at full speed toward his party, which animal he believed to be the foremost of his savage pursuers.

Instantly three or four rifles were brought to bear upon the beast; and as their reports rang out, down went the animal, and over his head went the rider, uttering a wild, fearful yell, that echoed and re-echoed far and wide through the great, gloomy forest.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ENTOMBED BY FOES.

For a few moments there was a scene of some excitement, and the noise of several guns, all of them speaking together; but as Eugene, having an eye to the safety of Blanche, was about to wheel away his horse, and plunge across the stream, he heard, to his great surprise, a low and feeble moan, and crouched out, in terror of the most painful terror:

"De Lor' Golly Hebbens! Murder! fire! help! Help! murder! fire!"

"Why, it is only my poor Dube, after all—I pray Heaven he is not wounded!" said Blanche, anxiously. "Where can he have been? and from whence can he have come? Speak to him, Eugene! hasten to him!"

Eugene instantly threw himself from his horse, as did also several of the scouts, Seth Harpey among the number, and, hurrying to the poor fellow, found him lying on his back, his face and hands all bloody, his garments half torn from his person, and his wounded brain, now and then an agonies of death, some few feet behind him.

But if Duke himself was wounded, he certainly was not killed—for with his eyes closed, and his hands held up imploringly, he was still shouting with all his might:

"Murder! fire! help. Help! murder! fire!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Eugene; "I fear one of your balls has struck him!"

"Not him, I reckon," returned Seth; "for that there's one of the black niggers as no ball 'ull be likely to hitch—and nothin' short of a cannon-ball can—that he's got so many lives on any one. Here, you hungry Methodist! hold up your sleeping dunce, raising one of Dukes arms, and tickling him into a sticker posture with a jerk; "open your eyes and shut that big mouth o' yours, or I'll just jump down your throat without the grease on to ease it."

"Golly hebbens!" exclaimed Duke, looking up suddenly, and then staring about him in perfect amazement; "why, Massa Seth, is dat dar you? and Massa Eugene, too? and all de rest, good Lor' a-mighty! Why, you must just 'scuse dis pomper 'spondin' you must all forgive me."

"Are you hurt, Duke? are you wounded?" inquired Eugene, anxiously.

"Just a few scratches, Massa Eugene, dat I got coming through de bushes—nuffin else all, dey is—and dem's nuffin, dem is."

"What on de darkies' birth did you come from, anyhow, you beauty?" inquired Harper.

"Well, you just look yonder, Massa Seth. You see dey left me up dar wid de hosses, and—"

"Yes, you blundering fool" interrupted the other; "and you just put off and left us like the shaved black nigger you were—and a fine one you are in the hands of the Injines now, through another of your infernal blunders, that's no thanks due you! I her a great notion to cut a stick and gin you a good whackin' now!"

"Dar now—dar now, Marse Seth—dat dar's a fur cause, sho' as I'm 'live! and I'se 'll just tole you, if I just tole you all about it. You see, Massa Seth, dat dar way: You see, arter I'd bored de Injines hollering, dat dem gemmen, de hosses dey got awful frackious, and wouldn't stand still no how; and some of dem got away, dey did; and I 'spect dey must 'a' knowed as de Injines was agwine to make a run for'ard; and I'll 'clared I'll just holler 'gainst me to de back on de fastest and try to head 'em off!"

"Well, Snowball, you oughter just a bonded your head agin a rock, and made a fresh one," interrupted Seth.

"Come! come!" said Eugene, anxiously; "we are but delaying too long here! We must devise some way to take Duke with us, and set off again at once!"

"Yes," responded Kenton, "hurry and mount, boys, for we've got no time to lose!"

In a few minutes the whole party was again under way, Duke having been seated as a seat behind one of the scouts, to whose care he was given, a tenacity which showed he had no desire to remount behind and endure his attempt at self-healing off the Indians alone. The truth was, he had met with some pretty hard usage; for in his fear of the Indians, he had scampered off with the horses in such startled him all into the woods on a venture; and on the retreat becoming so well known to him, he rather had taken him an awful journey—over rocks and stones—through dreadful thickets and deep ravines—up hill, and down hill, and under the pelting branches of the forest trees, which pounded him right and here and there, and gouging terribly against the hollows—up hill, and down hill, and under the pelting branches—the poor fellow clinging the while to his mane, and not getting terribly pounded for his rough journey. But he had clung to him as his only hope, like a drowning man clings to a straw; nope that might save him; and by mere accident, after having thrown his heads for some eight miles round and round, higher and thither, in the awful darkness, he had brought back up on the very spot which promised a hope of saving him, a conjunction with the escaping companions.

On, on sped our friends, for perhaps another hour—the scouts in advance of Eugenceand Blanche—when suddenly a valley was poured into them as from a sort of aniseseide, which one of the party of Indians mentioned by Hawkey, and who were scouring for the purpose of taking them, had laid on hunting their approach. So great and sudden was this surprise, as to throw our gallant little band into confusion; and two of the party, Bowles and Kinney, fell mortally wounded, their fiery horses instantly rushing away. None of the others were seriously, but some slightly, wounded; and as they wheeled their animals for a procedure retreat, a body of savages, some fifteen or twenty in number, instantly burst from the thicket, uttering their wildest yells.

"Quick! quick!" shouted the sensitive voice of Kenton: "to the water! to the water! Cross the stream, boys, at once! for there's too many of the brutes to fight, and it's our duty to save the girl!"

Almost in the same moment that Kenton spoke, the horses were plunging into the waters of the stream; and as the scouts gained the opposite bank, with a shout of triumph, the savages were half of the enemy came whirling among them, but fortunately without doing any further injury. With the advantage of being mounted, our friends were now enabled to put a wide distance between them and their assailants; but as they went dashing down the stream, they soon descried they perceived some signs which indicated the presence of more enemies below, and they at once struck off from the river through the forest to the right. But they had scarcely proceeded a couple of miles in this new direction, when the voice of Wetzel was heard shouting forth, as he brought his own horse to a sudden halt:

"Hold up, boys! hold up! that's another band of the redskins on the left!"

"What, Lew? what?" demanded Kenton.

Wetzel silently pointed with his finger; and so all eyes followed the direction, the whole party at once discovering a band of one or two Indians at a distance, shuffling along swiftly, and seeming immediately covering themselves behind different trees.

"Great God!" exclaimed Eugene "it we seem to be surrounded indeed!"

"Remember your promise!" said Blanche, as she summoned her upheaved heart to silence, and turned her pale face toward his through speaking with perceptible agitation—"remember your promise, Eugene! I must not be taken alive! Rather fall myself or your knife to my heart, if you find you cannot save me!"

Eugene uttered a groan, and the agony of his heart almost drove him to desperation at her fearful counsel.

"We must strike back again to the little Miami, or across the country to the Big Miami!" said Kenton, hurriedly; "we are still safe, if we can make such different, which for the devils seem to be everywhere just now!"

"To the Little Miami, then, and let's follow that!" returned Wetzel; "for we can get ahead of those Injines that are behind, and so keep them down, I reckon!"

"Agreed, then!" cried Kenton, as he once more dashed away, the others all following close upon the heels of their guide.

On perceiving this change in the direction of our friends, the Indians, who were still ignorant that they had been discovered; and springing from their different covers, they set off in a direction intended to cross them, and so intercept their flight.

By this change of course they were at length enabled, after considerable exertion, to get past the present party of their enemies; but they were not able to take an oblique course toward the Great Miami, and regain the river at a point below it; for the animals which carried double were by this time so jaded as to keep at a pace of only a little greater than the parties on foot; and it was believed by the more experienced of the Indians should continue to follow on, that even from the slight amount of blood which had issued from Ned Waddington, in my nothing of those who would probably set off in pursuit of the horses mounted on fresh horses.

In any event, however, our little band regarded their position as in a high degree precarious and alarming, and consequently were subjected to more uneasiness and anxiety than would have been occasioned by the danger which they could escape themselves, by abandoning Miss Bertrand; they did not for a moment doubt; but the idea of abandoning her never once entered into the calculation, though more than one secretly considered the prospect of letting her take the chance, and risking their own persons between her and the merciless savages who were in pursuit.

At length, after riding a few miles further, and finding some of their horses to be failing fast, it was fully aware that they would not be likely to hold out during the day, though the Indians might, and that the latter were not likely to give up the chase upon so broad a trail—Kenton once more ordered a halt, this time for a brief and anxious consultation. Quickly and briefly he stated the whole matter, his doubts and fears, and asked for a plan the others thought best to adopt under the circumstances.

"If you go ahead with Miss Bertrand," he said, among other things, turning to Eugene, "it's like as we can do one or two things, either one of which may be better than what we're doing now."

"And what are they?" asked the young gentleman Eugene.

"Why, we can either stack up, and put a determined front to the brutes as they come up, and so give 'em a check that'll keep 'em back awhile; or we can all take different ways, each one for himself, and so puzzle 'em with the different trails; but the last I don't exactly like, here in the face of their coward like."

"And the first would be the throwing away of your own lives, would it not?" inquired Eugene.

"That's an ugly question sure enough, I reckon; but I reckon that's no one here but what's willing to stand up manfully for his own, whoever Miss Bertrand and her foes."

"If that is," joined in Harper, "he can just count off now on a considerable short list of men."

"God bless you all for brave hearts!" said Blanche; "but I would deeply grieve with fear, and even were brought into peril on my account! Can we not divide, and so have the Indians puzzled, and take still another course, trusting to Providence, or night, to extricate us?"

"Yes! yes!" said Eugene, anxiously; "let us both keep together; and if you think it best, one party will take the Indian line in the direction we have taken, and the other turn off more to the right still, and so have the Indians divided. Let us toss up a penny on foot, would, I am almost certain, not be able to overtake us; and if there are any of them who don't know nothing of them yet, and must take our chances. By such means some may escape, and be kept to bear of from Fort Washington—for they undoubtedly comprehend that our aim is thitherward, and as they are not now in sight, the inference is that they have taken that oblique course; and by a direct change in such, they may not discover their mistake till too late to follow us; in which case we shall only have to fear some chance party ahead of us, and I am rather inclined to think none of the Indians are scouting in this direction."

"That's one plan that can save us, for certin!" put in Harper, with a mischievous twinkle of his eye, as he cast a furtive glance at the negro, who sat trembling behind Whitleman, looking fearfully around him.

"And what's that, Seth?" demanded one or three voices in the same breath.

"Why, just to throwhold, that, lying here and bead 'em off like he's done two or three times afore!"

This drew a laugh from some, while the more timid very grave, and Duke instantly responded, in a voice of alarm:

"Dar now—dar now, Marse Seth—dat's de case, but it's de wrong one, sah! I'se not de 'sponsive. You see, when I's done dat 'fore, it's just 'cause I's had a gun; but I ain't got no gun any day; I did; but now I's 'tink to 'spect along wid you, and so all ready for a good fight."

"Come! come!" said Eugene, "this is no place to waste our time in idle frolics! Decide quickly, and let us be once more in motion. I am for dividing our force, for the Great Miami—what say you all?"

Each individual present then very equally willing to divide or keep together, and would abide by the latter or the former decision of Eugene.

"Then let us turn our course and aim for the Great Miami, due west!" said Blanche.

Then the matter being thus finally fixed, the new course was taken, and the whole party proceeded on together, in the same manner as before.

Nothing but scenes of pretty much the same kind were then in sight of the river they sought, which was now but a little distance off. Then, for the most no signs of their enemies had been seen; and the fact that Eugene, Blanche, and their party, were now seen drifting overboard, on but little encouraging.

Turning down the left bank of the stream, they now hastened on, anxious to reach the river, when they somewhat unexpectedly came upon the Kentucky in a tolerably good condition, and being paddled by two negroes, who were lying lazily back in the stern bank of the river. The gale was in a few moments brought to a halt, and the negroes, on discovering the party, but the bulking their appearance through great fright, and supposing them a good defence, for a time at least, against a large force, they had attacked, and which they had overtaken deserted, for grass was growing in the current, and also by the opposite immediately around it. It was now apparent that they had returned here for a settlement, on finding their flight to the Ohio impracticable, and had left the canoe and fled for their civilized friends—had those ships that they were on the way to reach, as there was no evidence of an assault ever having been made on it of any kind. Whether they were carried it by storm, it was reasonable to suppose that they had been abandoned.

"Here's a good chance for us!" observed Kenton, as the whole party drew up in front, and took a hasty survey of the canoe; "and I'm glad we knowed the Injines had got ahead of us below, I'll bet, or we might a stop down on 'em unawares, and even as it is, I'm not sure I wouldn't be a mite afeard to go down in the canoe; but as we've knowed the Injines had got ahead of us below, I'll bet

HOME.

BY M. S.

I've wander'd over that Indian land,
Where Nature wears her raiment best;
I've stood upon the Grecian strand,
And gazed upon its waters blue;
I've sung'd beneath a cactus grove,
Or where a palm-tree fan'd my cot,
Where the sweet orange blossoms wove
Cones sweetly trom for perfume;
But still, wherever my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

The gentle plants of Tropic skies,
That proudly stand in gorgeous bower,
Though they'd in beauty's richest dyes,
Are not dressed of perfume
One wild flow'r of my native vale,
The jasmine, round my cottage wall'd,
That flings its fragrance on the gale,
Is dearer, sweeter to my heart.
For wheresoe'er my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

The birds, in greyest plumage array'd,
Do mingle warbles from the trees,
But hush the silence of each glade
By sunshine or by moonlight pour
As do the notes of heaven in spring,
When they first wake the echoes in the vale,
Floating the dew-drops from the foliage
And waking wildest melody.
Yet I wherever my footsteps roam,
The dearest, sweetest spot is home.

THE OLD MAID'S STORY.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

Ah, those happy days have vanished,
And a book are in the record
That the past can re-defended,
Not the future can unsay.
Yes, may trouble in the morning
Comes last night's half-buried ember,
But the flame of love, your glimpses
Can be kindled, never more! M. W. S. G.

I had always wondered why my aunt, Rose Sargeant, was an old maid. It is only since her departure for the West, some five years ago, that I have known the truth. On parting with me, she put a small black book into my hands. I read it, after she had gone; and then, in her dear, loving journal, I found she history of her life in the copies of two letters which had been sent to her only confidential friend. I give them as I read them. No doubt there are many such letters concealed in many a faithful hurt, if one could only know them—

And so, my dear Jennie, you have a strong desire to look once more deep into the old maid's heart? The time has come, dear child, when you are younger and surer than it is now, and every one of its secrets was well known to you. But the time has gone by—more's the pity! And women like you and me, who are going down the hill of life so slowly but surely, do not often stop to look back upon the green hill-side we have climbed; for if they do, they hit a momentary pang at their hearts testify to the strength of their memories, and keep silence. There are wrinkles on my brow now, Jennie, where your lips used often to lie, and the hair you used to plaited in bands of shiny brown but since you desire it, I will fancy myself young once more, and speak of the days and the people that we two knew long ago.

Do you remember how pleasantly the sunlight used to lie over that quiet little mountain village, where our early years were spent? We came to it some time for us to learn "to live and love" before we I was proud and you were shy. But when all such barriers had been broken down by time and constant intercourse, how we loved each other, Jennie. How we used to stroll out through the town, and stand upon the hill from which it took its name, to watch the setting and the rising of the sun. How fair and still the country looked, over which we gazed; and with what a thrill of delight I used to point out my own Green Mountain home to your view, and show you, with minute exactness, just where the beautiful town that was my birthplace, was lying. How often we got leave of absence of a Wednesday or Saturday afternoon, and went down to the great brick house, close upon the banks of the Connecticut, that was your own dear home. Do you remember those days? The walks upon the river; the Sunday evening strolls upon its banks, with some we shall never more look on, the pales of your brother Will; the fun and frolic of your fair-haired sister, Abby and Julia, who could never tease us half enough; the playful anxiety of your dear aunt; and last, though not least, the unwonted attention to the parlor, when we all sang together, as I hope we shall one day sing again, in heaven? I know not how it may be with you, but time quiet and simple delights are the sweetest memories of my life; and often, often Jennie, I sit and think of them till the tears come to my eyes, and I wish, in a kind of passionate prayer, that they would, or may come again, if only for a brief time, to cheer my lonely heart.

There is one thing, Jennie, which I know you have not forgotten. We were there at school at "The Terrace" during the last and most beautiful part of the brightest summer of my life. I may well call it so, for never, since, have I known such a sky or the earth looked half so fair. I love Nature now far better than I did then, but seems, for me, has she put on the same glory since. I suppose a beginner was ever my fate. But did I know it? I used I has gone once upon the fairy land I lost forever then, could I see the same glorified sky, the same enchanted earth, and smell the same sweet winds that played around me then, I should be almost content to die!

What was I about to say? Oh, I remember! That you had never forgotten our visit to Long Island. And this it is.

We were at "The Terrace," you know, through the winter and the spring. When the trees began to bud, and the ground to be firm and dry, you and I used to take long walks in the beautiful June light. It was not right or proper, (according to the rules of the school,) for our gentleman to share those walks. Nevertheless, a certain window, directly across the street from yours, used often to swing open, just as we were leaving from the gate of your headingbone, and shy eyes, long enough for a quick telegraphic sign to be exchanged between the occupants of that room and us. The consequence of which was, as you very well know, that we were not always alone, as we wandered through the shaded recesses of Follett's Grove; and that more vows of love were made on those occasions than either you or I, I am afraid, had ever resolution enough to keep.

You remember well the faces of those friends of ours. One was modeled after that of Napoleon, the conqueror. And yet, without a particle of his eloquence, and with a smile, half sweet, half melancholy, lingering around the chiseled lips, that gave an indescribable charm to the whole countenance. The other—ah, what words can describe that face! I have in "—dalliardt's presentiment" here before me, and the likeness is so true and faithful that it makes my heart-ache to look upon it. The name

bright, bewildering smile, the same clustering curls of golden-auburn hair—the same large, beautiful, unfathomable blue eyes—oh, Jennie, Jennie, I should have been a better and a happier woman if they had never looked on me!

You remember our last walk together at "The Terrace." It was on a July evening, cool and bright and still. There were many of our schoolmates passing at to all directions, for it was the last night of school, and we were free. Also, our freedom only brought parting with it; and though we tried to be cheerful, and, superficially at least, to enjoy meeting, we knew, too well, that such a thing could never be, as meeting from "The Terrace" as were paried forever. We all felt it keenly. And I can remember you, Jennie, as you stood upon the steps of the old boarding-house, that night—your face a little pale, and, my fair, sad—with the soft, dark eyes lifted thoughtfully toward the full moon, and dimmed with coming tears. You are a wife and a mother now, Jennie, but I know well that neither your husband nor your children have ever seen that look—they never will!

And the next morning. We heard the early stage going for mails before it was light. We rose. We sprang up, and threw on our dressing-gowns—we drew back our curtains just enough to catch a glimpse of the carriage as it halted before that house opposite—we heard the kind good-by's—we saw dear some one and take their places in the stage—we saw them look up at our window, and wave their hands; and as we hurried toward the salute, the stage dashed away down the street, and they were gone!

Three years had passed away, dear Jennie, before you and I sat as close together again. Three periods one was open, but we saw strange faces there. Strange faces were in the street, and in the house we had been so happy in. We wandered in the while over the old places, and went away. You united lonely and sad-hearted. You only you could not have ached like mine. For you had forgotten the sweetness of your girlhood in a woman's love—while I cherished mine the more tenderly because it was all in vain. You left, and I sat down to my undertaking there, as I might. I became a school-teacher, and had a little room in the house of a wealthy farmer, named Harwood. My scholars were the sons and daughters of farmers; my friends were the plain, hard-working, brown school-house, and my associates only the simple-minded people who lived in the district of my charge. How my very soul sickened in that quiet place. The monotony of my duties, and society, in an unvarying monotony that almost drove me mad, and the nights were long and lonely and full of tears. I grew weary of everything; I hated myself, and all around me, and I begged for death as a release from my misery. But I thought that since could bring relief to me.

Just at this time, Jennie, I received a visit my pale once more. I had been playing the organ for Sunday morning's service, and, when the last hymn was over I took my seat in front of the choir, and looked about me. Suddenly my eyes met those of a tall, handsome gentleman, who was looking intently upon me. I started, and blushed, and looked away; but I could not help looking again. I gained courage with each moment, and looked more boldly, and then more steadily, and then with a long, searching look, which you used to call, when we were children, "the enchanted ground is lying, and then—and then—I remember that I was playing the organ, and that I played on and on, and on, and on,

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

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ROBERT BONNER, Notice and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

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We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, unless we receive a continue it, you should renew your subscription at least one week before the time expires.

No TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any packet pretends hereafter to act as such for us, you will please not subscribe with him.

Subscriptions are always dated from the beginning of the current story, unless the subscriber informs us of the time when he wishes the subscription to begin.

We cannot change the address of a subscriber, unless he gives us his former, as well as his present address.

Rejected Manuscripts.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE LABORER.

Honest, intelligent labor, has been noble and ennobling since the world began. Instead of being in any injunction, it has been consecrated by human use. The worker has been the great civilizer since the real achiever. He has built and manned the fleets and filled the racks of the armies, hewed down the forests, planted the wilderness, reaped the harvest fields, reared the hamlets and cities, and, in science and song, fascinates, and everywhere, made the world vocal with the music of Labor. To-day the workers are the hope and the earth and say, "All these are my trophy!" Yet, all are Labor's trophy. Without its stout sinews and smooth hands, this vast, beautiful scene of ever-widening civilization had not been. No wealth could have called it into being. Until Labor created it there was no wealth. Labor dug the ore, stamped the coin, and made the wealth of the world. Labor is the only real capital—productive industry and creative skill the only real wealth of the world. Let the honest, intelligent, virtuous laborer stand forth, then, as largest shadow in the presence of whatever caste-or-creed mob, but proudly, as his equal, of the noblest and best of mankind. The day of his true dominion is dawning. The time hastens when the world shall acknowledge him lord of the earth—the empire of which has been too long withheld from his grasp—the lordship of which has been too long usurped by the feebler or worse. Let the laborer stand erect, and with the vine and fig-tree of his own planting, and sit in the palace and be heard in the council hall, and have his income of gain on the mean-rial palace he has reared.

OLD AGE AND VICE.

There is something terrible in vicious old age. It very imperfectly lightens the sense of sin that the best passions still longing for their impure food, while, to a great extent, the power that can supply it has left them to forever grow. Cold glitters but in is beyond the trembling walls (teeth) within thirst for position still perches the wrinkled throat, but the tottering step easily strugles towards the sparkling fountain, herself for so many years still bares in the failing heart, but the nineties hand clutches feebly at the dagger. And let it not be unconscious, practically at least, that wrath is only to be feared for the sake of some beneficent end; position for the power it affords of shedding happiness on our fellow men; and the subtlest love yet to echo those sublime words of forgiveness uttered by Him who spoke as never man spoke. Yet I tremble and hesitate to write what I am about it listers on to that bourn from whence no traveler returns. Behind it stretches the dreary waste of ashes; around it spreads the Present—a champagne from which, full hand to the lip, we quaff and grandeur, it can gather no delight; before it hours the awful Future—a cloud with no sunshine on its edges, no voice of hope coming from its mysterious deeps. How different that voice of old age which, as it goes into the dark valley whispers "I have some good attempted—something good done to win a mighty reward!" Or that which, with brimfull of reflection for the young—for those just starting from youth on the road of manhood!

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ENTHUSIASM.

We have often remarked why no poet has ever sung, as Campell sung the "Pleasures of Hope," and Alexander the "Pleasures of Imagination," the Pleasures of Enthusiasm—for certainly Enthusiasm is the master feeling of the oldest men and women while yet in the prime of life. What but enthusiasm for humanity moved a Florence Nightingale to walk over the battle-fields of Inkerman, measure the depths of mortal wo, and, like an angel from from Heaven itself, assuage its tormentors? What but enthusiasm dashed the pencil of a Raphael over a canvas which to this day glows with the forms of beauty, and radiant with the beams of virtue? What but enthusiasm led Warren to Bunker Hill, and made him in his last breath exclaim, "Oh, it is sweet to die for one's country!" And, since that day, what but enthusiasm has bridged our thousand rivers; made alive with the wings of commerce the bosoms of our hundred lakes; swept away mighty forests, subdued cataracts by mechanical appliances, and opened a home for twenty-five millions of human beings, to be doubled in less than this number? Then when we see the glow of enthusiasm on the cheek of youth, do not let us pull it down with a sneer, or drive it away with a smile of doubt. The Laurel, the Palm, the Crown, are still carried so triumphantly as in enthusiasm for Literature, Morality, and Human Progress, certainly will not.

SHIFTS OF INDOLENCE.

It is changed that, during times of commercial revulsion and distress, such as we have lately passed through, the greatest sufferers and the saddest sufferers from the wreck with unnecessary sloppages and failures. To do this, there are scores of the "hard times," behind which they hide their dishonor from the world, and which they use. If they fail in this, they hope, still, to keep up a show of respectability, by assuming attitude generally, as one of the "unfortunate" men of the time, or of the community.

A parallel to the conduct of this class of commercial sharks and importers might be found in the position of not a few of the "Bummers" of Lazy by habit, them avail themselves of assumption of sanctity, as to labor, and make the case that they "can get nothing to do," although they will loaf every day in a groggery, or in the lounge and loaf about, sponging a living out of some honest relative or friend. The world, we would not have had the effrontery to attempt such an imposition, in ordinary times, unprincipled as they are as honest. They would be ashamed. But a widowed mother in hostile health, while they work for her support, by a sudden stroke of the working her fingers to the quick and her eyes to blindness, to support a lazy, crown-spirited wretch of a brother!

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During a recent discussion of the "Sabbath question" by a number of the members of the Board of Aldermen, who advocates unlimited Sabbath-breaking, said:

"Nine-tenths of church-goers are hypocrites. I notice in this city a certain class of people who come out of every company on the Avenue, where there is dressing and racing on Sunday, and I can tell you who they are."

The several of such sentiments by a magistrate of a Christian city, is one of astonishment, amazement and disgust. It is a disgrace to the whole community. The check of every honest citizen should tingle with shame at the thought that such a man could have a seat on the municipal bench. It is well the public should know of what kind of material men are sometimes made, and the disposition of the people to elect them. Such men are a curse instead of blessing, to a town in the community in which they live. It will shock the moral sense of the people into vigorous health, and we shall be most mistaken if the time does not come, in the history of Christians and Christianity, does not find that, in his anxiety to secure the support of the vast portion of the community, he has overshot the mark, and gone far into political grave.

EVENING.

There are two periods in the life of man in which the evening hour is peculiarly interesting—in his youth and in old age. In youth we love it for its romance, moonlight, its millions of stars, its hills, rich shooting shades, its still serenity; amid those who can commune with and love it, for its sweet hours of friendship, while there is none to bear us witness but the heavens, to speak of the love that is in all unconscious, practically at least, that wealth is only to be desired for the sake of some beneficent end; position for the power it affords of shedding happiness on our fellow men; and the subtlest love yet to echo those sublime words of forgiveness uttered by Him who spoke as never man spoke. Yet I tremble and hesitate to write what I am about it listers on to that bourn from whence no traveler returns. Behind it stretches the dreary waste of ashes; around it spreads the Present—a champagne from which, full hand to the lip, we quaff and grandeur, it can gather no delight; before it hours the awful Future—a cloud with no sunshine on its edges, no voice of hope coming from its mysterious deeps. How different that voice of old age which, as it goes into the dark valley whispers "I have some good attempted—something good done to win a mighty reward!" Or that which, with brimfull of reflection for the young—for those just starting from youth on the road of manhood!

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD FOR THE CHILDREN.

There is not a day of my life in which I am not vexed at the injustice done to children. A Sunday or two ago, I went to church. Mr. Lorne, I believe that five apostles, who can galvanize the dead souls? What but enthusiasm dashed the pencil of a Raphael over a canvas which to this day glows with the forms of beauty, and radiant with the beams of virtue? What but enthusiasm led Warren to Bunker Hill, and made him in his last breath exclaim, "Oh, it is sweet to die for one's country!" And, since that day, what but enthusiasm has bridged our thousand rivers; made alive with the wings of commerce the bosoms of our hundred lakes; swept away mighty forests, subdued cataracts by mechanical appliances, and opened a home for twenty-five millions of human beings, to be doubled in less than this number? Then when we see the glow of enthusiasm on the cheek of youth, do not let us pull it down with a sneer, or drive it away with a smile of doubt. The Laurel, the Palm, the Crown, are still carried so triumphantly as in enthusiasm for Literature, Morality, and Human Progress, certainly will not.

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HAND ORGANS.

In full view of the fact that we are out of that unfortunate class of individuals who, having no music in their souls, are fit for divers iniquities, we solemnly enter our protest against the thousand hand organs that, with their divine accessories, daily and nightly perambulate this great but accursed city. We have labored in vain to find that we were listening to music, while some worthy descendant of Julius Cæsar, Pompey, or some other stalwart "noble Roman," whose tastes naturally consists in casting people's heads off and setting it glory, was following in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestor by murdering Queen's or Meyerbeer. It was evident that the instrument "so deftly played upon" had caught an incurable fit of "Home, sweet Home," or was afflicted under some peculiar phase of St. Vitus' dance. Certainly, these hand organs are a terrible nuisance, that should be abated. We will waive the absolute torture inflicted by them on persons of fine musical susceptibilities—we will not take into account the case of invalids whose nerves are shattered—we will not go into any arithmetical calculations to show the loss of useful labor caused by these nuisance of the lords of melody—but only point to the exceedingly torturous which they inflict on the poor. Many of them in the city are perfect tality. At the very moment of this writing there is a fellow adjusting the coin in which we write, a woman prostrated on a bed of sickness, and compelled to bear these discordant sounds, when even the harmony of a Vivaxzange would be unbearable. We say compelled, for if you pay one of these iconoclasts to go away, he is less than human, and would smother of his infernal machine out to the same vicinity. If you employ the arm of the police to remove the nuisance it is but a mockery.

But why waste words? This is but one of a hideous class that seem to be established by a fellow vitality, and is all probability fully for ages to come will keep undisturbed the repose evil.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," says the old proverb. We hardly like to use this in our regard for the Chinese. We are averse to a crusade for forcing the political and commercial principles of Christendom upon the Celestial. We insist, with others, upon setting foot upon his soil whether he is willing or not, and we do not see that he has a right to fire on the shores of the Pacific, our people, usually so generous and just, propose to exclude the Chinaman from our will. Not as arrant Chinamen, owever, but as Christians, which we are pleased to call trade—not an obstinate Chinaman, with novel ideas and strange habits for acceptance, but a most peaceable, timid, mind-blown-business Chinaman, coming to dig the mines, fill the fields, pay taxes and be ready, in a word, to—anything. I am as much as the average of best-class Christian white men, and consequent of limit, and but contributory our attitude as claiming foolhold and freedom of trade to the home-land of the Celestial. We are not doing the decent, Christian thing—not doing as we would have others do unto us. Let us give the Celestial a call as we are out of sauce, and try the part of a big bully and keep all the Chinese out. Then, perhaps, we may get a taste of the thing, and that is the only thing that will relish.

THE LATE PANIC.

The great financial panic of last fall, and the consequent collapse of credit and paralysis of trade, were, as all know, attended by some extraordinary phenomena in the social relations. The condition of numerous families, which had been apparently superior to the caprices of fickle Fortune, was reduced at a moment's notice to poverty, and it opened up many private histories and household secrets, which otherwise might never have been known beyond the precincts of their own domicile. Not a few of these household histories communicated now-and-then by "a party in interest," (as the law says,) or the neighboring gossips are still fresh in our memory. Some of them will not be forgotten for years to come, and there are others that it would be a violation of confidence to repeat; but there is one story which it will do no harm to repeat, for we have never seen it in so many young wives, (and young husbands, also,) as publish. It will astonish those who were not before in its sufficiently without indicating them to society, and therefore it may be the better understood, that the personal names which shall be used are of no relating the facts, are not genuine. This story is entitled "*The Three Book-Keepers, and their Wives*," and will be published complete in our next number.

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When one thinks of the exactly reverse manners of the Chinese life when compared with our own, he will not wonder that the "flowery gentlemen" have been placed on the other side of the globe to finish their dinners with chopsticks, and finish with soups. Some other habits also go to show the wisdom of the Celestials. Who can understand, that the personal names which shall be used are of no relating the facts, are not genuine. This story is entitled "*The Three Book-Keepers, and their Wives*," and will be published complete in our next number.

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DOWNFALL OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The following extract from the foreign journals are predicting Louis Napoleon's downfall, with more than their usual boldness. He has established the clergy of the country by an attempt to get hold of the funds of the hospitals and other charitable institutions, which are under the immediate supervision of the priests. He has also offended a portion of the army, and all the rest of French mankind and womankind, by his conduct in regard to the marriage of the Prince Imperial to Mademoiselle. Besides, he is out of cash; and an exigency without cash is like an engine without wood, or a furnace without fire. Unless Louis can "raise the wind" his doom is sealed, and we shall have Napoleon over here teaching school, setting up governors, or keeping a first-class milliner's shop.

HASHEESH.

A WORD TO THE WEARIE YEDRE.—A writer in "Punch" maintains that a lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops, ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a kernel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a bolt.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY ONE OF THE EDITORS.

If the real divinity within our souls were not more rare and arresting than the false one which fanatics and fools have created for us, it would be impossible to imagine any one more altogether out of the natural line, even by worshiping an eternal dream. The enemy of the Heavenly Father is undoubtedly a very smart Man, but he will not desert us.

To us earth is a science. The dim clouds that float in space, like the silvery breath of unseen lands singing up to Heaven's gates, obscure but dread nothing under, to open unconsulted; but, when astronomy is by, what to us there is the sun, and the moon, and the planets and the worlds and suns, and rules in the armor of the stars.

We are told that objects presented to us in our dreams can be only a wild combination of those we have once conversed with, but, in these revelations, there seems to be an occasional apocalypse of another world, or, at least, a reflected shade of being from our present existence. What are the dreams of persons born blind?

We would think, from the height of our nature, or the humility of ourselves. When we say marriage is virtuous, we do not mean that it is so because it is connected with the superiority of a god-like instinct over a brute; we simply say robust virtuous, but which they cannot imagine, and mean nothing.

A SAUNDERLY is the silliest voice of nature, speaking to the fields and skies. The wind, who can restrain those vocal visions to poetical writing, but a correspondence with the subservient world, or the sympathy of the universe, the exquisite sweetness in the communion with the Creator, of the world believing in God?

He that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head or a very short creed. Many gods a false creed for disunity in religious opinion or conduct, and many men have been saved in spite of opinion or conduct, not because they have an egotistic or conscience of their own.

It is an axiom that the world is ruled by one Deity, who has created it long before the young woman in the kitchen was born, and who doubtless has in the eye a few other arrangements. Why should a fellow squeeze a Latitude unless he has a square eye?

It is a very consolatory reflection that death's infinite pulling and to the Christian it is only a change in the sufferings of all. He is a silent, peaceful, benign genius, who comes and goes without noise, and is welcomed by all nations.

A very famous English author, who traveled through our country a few years ago, said in his book, after his return home, that he was surprised at the way in which country where he was supplied with enough water to wash with, and that he had never seen so much bath tubs in any country before.

Literature has her quacks no less than medicine. Quacks are those who, by their writings, make their own qualities without genius, and these writings, like the quacks' medicines, are worthless. Genius is the true physician, and original literature does not exist.

Shall we have a discussion upon an infidel—but, they are said to "explode" him. We presume that, if they are as heavy as they are said to be, they will be fatal trade—not an obstinate Chinaman, with novel ideas and strange habits for acceptance, but a most peaceable, timid, mind-blown-business Chinaman, coming to dig the mines, fill the fields, pay taxes and be ready, in a word, to—anything. I am as much as the average of best-class Christian white men, and consequent of limit, and but contributory our attitude as claiming foothold and freedom of trade to the home-land of the Celestial. We are not doing the decent, Christian thing—not doing as we would have others do unto us. Let us give the Celestial a call as we are out of sauce, and try the part of a big bully and keep all the Chinese out. Then, perhaps, we may get a taste of the thing, and that is the only thing that will relish.

THE LATE PANIC.

The great financial panic of last fall, and the consequent collapse of credit and paralysis of trade, were, as all know, attended by some extraordinary phenomena in the social relations. The condition of numerous families, which had been apparently superior to the caprices of fickle Fortune, was reduced at a moment's notice to poverty, and it opened up many private histories and household secrets, which otherwise might never have been known beyond the precincts of their own domicile. Not a few of these household histories communicated now-and-then by "a party in interest," (as the law says,) or the neighboring gossips are still fresh in our memory. Some of them will not be forgotten for years to come, and there are others that it would be a violation of confidence to repeat; but there is one story which it will do no harm to repeat, for we have never seen it in so many young wives, (and young husbands, also,) as publish. It will astonish those who were not before in its sufficiently without indicating them to society, and therefore it may be the better understood, that the personal names which shall be used are of no relating the facts, are not genuine. This story is entitled "*The Three Book-Keepers, and their Wives*," and will be published complete in our next number.

PHYSICAL CORRESPONDENCE.

When one thinks of the exactly reverse manners of the Chinese life when compared with our own, he will not wonder that the "flowery gentlemen" have been placed on the other side of the globe to finish their dinners with chopsticks, and finish with soups. Some other habits also go to show the wisdom of the Celestials. Who can understand, that the personal names which shall be used are of no relating the facts, are not genuine. This story is entitled "*The Three Book-Keepers, and their Wives*," and will be published complete in our next number.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CHILD full of life delivered a friend of the Ledger a message to his father, and when asked what he was to say, replied, "Tell him I'm alive!" Whenever he (the father) shall be asked what he was to say, he will reply, "Tell him I'm alive!" Whenever he (the father) shall be asked what he was to say, he will reply, "Tell him I'm alive!" Whenever he (the father) shall be asked what he was to say, he will reply, "Tell him I'm alive!"

A NEW YORK sign, an aged man went into the office of the Ledger, and, in the course of 9 minutes, threw down a quarter to pay for it, declined to take any change, and, as he left, turned to say he would call and see us with a twist.

It is said that there is a rosebush in flower in Providence, R. I., which exemplifies this: a green-house rosebush, which has been in bloom for 15 years, and must be visited by the tourists from all parts of the country.

The editor of the Columbus Times saw reported at $400,000 per annum, of which $200,000 goes into the pockets of the Pope. The annual receipts of the Roman Catholic pregnancy shares him with the establishment is devoted to the support of the Pope.

A THOUSAND BALES of cotton are now in the streets of New Brunswick. Over twenty square miles of oak woods were on fire at one time, and because said vicinity of all birds now the forest were consumed.

In the new county of Clay, in the State of Virginia, it is said that there is but one man who is an evening for coffee. It is to say, that one "independent voter" holds the "balance of power."

The editor of the Columbus (Ohio) Journal says a female excelsior in the penitentiary at that place actually lived seven weeks without swallowing a particle of food.

A PERSEVERE white robin was recently caught in Tennessee. Mose, which is the first one of the kind ever known.

CHORUS OF FROGS.

BY ALICE CARY.

Our pleasure was not, for we knew it was fleet,
And forever made discourse again that were sweet,
From the moist watering tree when the hazy day crept,
Till the dusk and the dew and the night fell on their wings:
Content but yet modest, Lily, Julie, and Lou,
And the frogs from the meadow pond answered, "Oh-oo!

Brekek! Ekekek! koo-ax!"

Ah, fleet piece of dreaming! her notes were as white
And elusive as the reminiscence written of to-night,
And I know by the hints through her cheek that would start,
What words were half wrote on the leaves of her heart,
And I clasped her and kissed her and cannot her to speak,
And the frogs from the meadow pond answered, "Brekek!

Koax! koo-oo! brekek!"

I could hear my own heart—the beat of the fall,
My ear drowned by its loop and its hold,
My eyes to be turned to the look of my life,
My shoe-spot, my darling, my dear dainty wife:
She ope'd not her lips, but I counted the stresses
Of her heart, and the frogs from the meadow cried, "Brekek!

Koax! koo-oo! brekek!"

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PRASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

Whilst the scenes we have just described were taking place in the garden and drawing-room of Lady Bell, Caleb and Jack Mandrew had accompanied the stout Hindu to the grove surrounding the temple where Richard and Al Moorad were in the habit of holding their secret meetings—for we scarcely need inform our readers that the wily Hindoo domestic was a household spy upon the actions and proceedings of our hero; his fidelity, if he possessed any portion of that virtue, being engaged to his former master.

The young men had not long concealed themselves by creeping beneath the underwood, before the parties whom they came to watch approached in deep and earnest conversation. The banker was evidently trying to persuade his companion to something which the fellow either felt disinclined to, or had not been bribed sufficiently high to undertake.

How Jack envied the groom his knowledge of the language. He felt convinced that some wicked plot was disturbing against his benefactor, and would have given worlds to unravel it.

The words of the principal speaker appeared to make but little impression upon Hassan, till they were joined by a venerable looking priest, who issued from the temple. At his approach, both the Hindoos bowed with the deepest reverence.

Caleb's hair stood upon the ends of Hiram to attract his attention to the new comer, and found to his surprise that the boy trembled violently.

"So called Uncle Andrew," thought Jack Mandrew, as he gazed upon the countenance of the old man—a stretch which did not increase his good opinion of him.

The appearance of the priest produced a marked change in the conduct of Hassan, whose beneficence and humbleness seemed to increase. He received a small silken bag, which the father extended towards him, and placed it in his breast.

Immediately afterwards all three entered the temple, and the concealed spectators of their latter conduct suddenly withdrew.

"Was that old one, Uncle?" demanded Jack.

"Oh! do not ask me," replied the boy, with a shudder.

"What were they talking about?"

"Jim," said the boy, sullenly.

"What is that?"

"Folly. I am sorry I brought you to the place."

"Faith," repeated Jack Mandrew: "oomph! umph! but to speak plainly, I have not much faith in your sorcery."

"Why did you shake and tremble?" inquired Caleb, "when I placed my hand upon you?"

"I know not the truth," returned the sprue, in a sullen tone," and you have no right to doubt me. When I found you were in the opposite party, Mr. Tyrrell I made you acquainted with my suspicions. Al Hiram will not betray his faith."

This was the only answer they could get from him, and it was far from being satisfactory to either of his companions, who determined to inspect their suspicions to our hero, and get him to watch the next night.

"He will forget it out," said Jack, in confidence to Caleb, "if he speaks to him in English, as he did to English."

Unfortunately, his benefactor quitted for the meeting-house of Mr. Chatsee the following day before Jack could impart to him what had occurred.

Richard had not forgotten the hint Lieutenant Marsh had given him respecting Al Moorad. As the head of one of the largest native banking firms in London, he was well-known in English society, in which he frequently moved, and was looked upon as one of the most enlightened of his race, the least affected by his prejudices of caste, and the deadening superstitions which render the effusion of Asiatic so contemptible in the eyes of every European.

More than once our hero had detected the eyes of the banker fixed upon himself and Lillian as they danced together, or mumbled over the usual words of conversation in society: On such occasions Al Moorad, instead of appearing confused, would smile, advance and chat with them.

It might have been friendly—from any but an Asiatic in most how-to-do, and it was to no country are men more clever in masking every emotion of feeling than the East. "He is but a dissolver," was the proverb, "who knows not how to dissemble."

The gentleman in question had read the proverbs of the Hindoo philosophers and writers very carefully, he made a study of them.

Richard was seated in the counting-house of Mr. Chatsee, when his meetings were generally spent, when the party in question entered, and inquired, in no very amiable tone, for Mr. Sanford.

"He is in the private room with the principal of the house," answered one of the clerks.

"I can better intrude upon," observed our hero.

On hearing the voice, the subtle oriental instantly became all smiles, and inquired most affectionately after our health.

"Quite well, I thank you," said the youth, writing away all the while.

"I was not aware that you were a clerk," added the visitor.

"How else should I learn the business?"

"Very true."

Sanford made his appearance, and recognising the party who had inquired for him, looked exceedingly confused, despite his effort to conceal it.

"Some curiosity in hand," thought Richard, but without appearing to pay the least attention to them.

Al Moorad and the managing clerk of Mr. Chatsee retired to one of the windows, where a long and animated conversation ensued. The native banker drew from his pocket a letter, took from it a bill, and handed it to Sanford, who shrugged his shoulders, and muttered something in a very humble tone.

"Dishonored," thought our hero.

He was not far from wrong.

After the whispered conversation was resumed. At first Al Moorad seemed unbending and haughty, then gradually appeared to yield to the entreaties

AL MOORAD DISCOVERS HIS LOST PAPER.

or representations of the clerk; and once or twice Richard fancied that he could detect a glance towards himself; and yet, what could he have to do with their affairs?

At last they shook hands—a sure sign that some piece of rascality, after having been duly discussed, had been concluded.

Mr. Sanford saw the Hindoo to the door of the banking house; then returned and stopped at the desk where Richard was writing.

"A troublesome fellow," he exclaimed, alluding to his late visitor—"but, like all natives. The man is as rich as Crœsus if ever there was such a person; and yet he is frightened out of his wits about a paltry bill for five hundred pounds."

"Indeed!"

"Good as the bank of Calcutta."

"So I should suppose," remarked his hearer, pretending to take very little interest in the affair. "I know Mr. Curry would not hesitate to discount Chelsea's signature for ten times that amount, or even more."

"I should think not," exclaimed the managing clerk, with a laugh at his simplicity; "but it does not happen to be the governor's signature."

"I thought it might have been."

"It is mine."

"Yours!"

"Drawn upon the junior partner of the great house of Beatty, Keara, and Company, Lombard street, London."

Although the heart of the young man beat vehemently, and the slightest movement of his features betrayed the surprise he felt.

"Perhaps you know them?"

"I never set foot in one counting-house in England in my life," replied Richard, evasively, "and that was Mr. Curry's. Perhaps" he added, as if struck by a sudden idea, "you forgot to advise your correspondent on the subject."

"No, I did not."

"No advice, then!" exclaimed our hero, laughingly.

"Plenty. The fact is that several years I have drawn upon him to the same amount, and never before had my bill dishonored. Something serious must have occurred, or he never would have disappointed me."

"Is your agency so valuable, then?"

"No, but my——" he paused, and replaced the word "friend," which he had intended to utter, by "friendship is."

"I wonder," he added, "if you would discount it for me; it would really be of service to me. I have an excellent speculation in view, and should have advanced money to the planter: but if I force a sale——"

"You forget that I have not commenced business yet," observed the young man, carelessly; "but let me look at your bill."

Sanford placed it eagerly in his hand.

"Is this the gentleman's signature?" said Richard, pointing to the signature of Carus.

"That I can assure you of, as I have seen every year in black. Some informal mistake must have occurred in the bill."

"Informal!" repeated Richard, examining it attentively; "it seems to be all right."

"Then I can assure you it is not," replied the worthy clerk, "and I am sorry I brought you to the place."

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"Why did you shake and tremble?" inquired Caleb, "when I placed my hand upon you?"

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"Have you ever seen this Carus?" inquired Richard, carelessly.

"Only once."

"What is he like?"

"Tall and gentlemanly enough in his bearing," answered the lieutenant, "and has all the airs of good society, which, as a matter of course, he has long been accustomed to mingle in; but his countenance did not please me. The features are regular enough; it was from the expression of the eyes and mouth that I drew my unfavorable inference. The former are dark, piercing, and ever restless. When he addresses you, instead of meeting your gaze with open, honest frankness, he appears to be continually endeavoring to avoid accident you in his gaze. The latter," he added, in a sneering, cold, and unfeeling tone.

"A sad picture," observed our hero.

"Not a true one," answered his friend.

The next day, Richard Tyrrell, when Sanford spoke to him on the subject of the accommodation, expressed his readiness to oblige him, adding that his bank, received as excellent, as surveyed at the corner of the firm of Beatty, Carus Keara, and Company, that he felt perfectly satisfied."

The managing clerk was profuse in his thanks, and the transaction was concluded that same day, very much to the satisfaction of the holder of the bill, which was at once handed to the lieutenant to forward to England.

At the end of a week, Al Moorad again made his appearance at the banking-house of Mr. Chatsee, and inquired with great impatience as usual for Sanford.

"Dishonored," replied the junior clerk.

"Will he be long?"

"That I can answer not."

"It is of importance."

"I would that the Bank of Exchange," observed our hero, saluting him.

The native bowed with his usual appearance, thanked him, and took his leave; but in less than an hour returned again, accompanied by the master, whose face was pale, agitated, and the dark at which Richard was writing, and requested a few minutes' conversation with him in private.

"With me?" repeated the youth, in a tone of surprise, and followed the trembling clerk into Mr. Chatsee's private room; he will not be here for an hour," he added, looking at his watch.

The proposal was accepted to.

Richard had closed with his usual acuteness the great difference in the manner of the two men. Al Moorad was cold, self-possessed, and wary as a snake, calculating his every word, whereas on the contrary, greatly agitated, and nervously excited.

"Now for silver," exclaimed Sanford, "you refuse the bill."

"The one I discounted?"

"Yes."

"Considering it was my first transaction—commercial one, I mean," answered Richard Tyrrell, "and that I should be the cause of a loss of five per cent, not a bad bit for a young beginner."

"You may be losing frequently larger sums," observed the Hindoo banker, in a soft, insinuating tone.

"With risk."

"Certainly, with some risk."

"I have received advices from England by the mail of yesterday," resumed the managing clerk, "and have not the least doubt but the arrival of the man's who presented the bill. I know Carus would never refuse such a——"

"I recollect you said so at the time."

"Will you accept the bill, then, Tyrrell?"

"Glad to hear it."

"I wish, therefore, you would let me have the bill back again, and as to the discount, that can be easily settled."

"Very easily indeed," answered our hero, "were it in my power to do as you request me."

"Why you have already parted with it?"

"Sent it to England."

The two visitors exchanged uneasy glances.

"Provoking!" muttered one.

"Confound it!" elucidated the other.

"Why did you not ask me to keep it," demanded the young man, anxious, if possible, to obtain some further clue.

"I never thought that Carus would forward the money!" was the reply.

"If he is so rich, I will not inconvenience him."

"It is not that," interrupted Sanford, hastily—"but—in short it must be impossible to any man of his position in the commercial world, to have his bill returned, I suppose," he added, "that it will be presented through the house of Curry and Company?"

"It is the only firm I have any monetary connection with, as you well know," observed the young man, evasively.

As the speakers quitted the room, Al Moorad dropped a paper from his girdle. Richard saw it fall, and his first impulse was to secure it. As he was in the act of stooping to raise it, a thought struck him.

"No," he murmured, "not by dishonorable means. The banker must be so fragile, that what the victory is won, I need not shame to claim it."

"Have you lost aught?" inquired Sanford, just as they had reached the door.

The Hindoo sprang upon the paper. His sense with animal, with a single bound, and his features appeared greatly pale as he raised it.

"You should have claimed a reward, Tyrrell," said the managing clerk, "it is not often that our friend drops Treasury bonds."

"That paper is not a Treasury bond," observed our hero.

"True, the color is different. What made you so eager to recover it? I thought it must have been for a lac of rupees, at least."

The native banker touched first his forehead, then his lips with the paper, and slowly replaced it in his girdle.

The two Europeans knew by this action that it was something of a religious character; and the speaker pronounced the word *deo*.

Which word signifies faith.

The Hindoo nodded in the affirmative.

Tyrrell only felt half satisfied that the explanation was correct, however, as he had no notion of satisfying himself upon the point, he made no further remark, and persuaded them to take their leave.

That same evening, on paying his usual visit to Sir Charles, he found Lillian in tears and Lady Bell looking very serious.

"What has occurred?" he eagerly demanded.

"The regiment is ordered to Lucknow."

"And when does it march?"

"In three days."

"So soon!"

This was addressed to the protectress of the fair girl, whose heart was mourning over its first sorrow. Could she have foreseen all that it was to have to bear and suffer, she would have reserved her tears; but Providence mercifully veils the page of the future. Were it displayed to our vision, the present would have no charm.

"The Sepoys," said her ladyship, "have shown signs of disaffection—something about cartridges, I believe; but Sir Charles says it is only a rumor."

Her hearer thought of the warning words of his friend the lieutenant.

"Should there be danger," he observed, "surely, Lady Bell, you would be better in Calcutta."

"My husband would remain where duty called to her full flight, and her bright eyes flashed scornfully.

"I forgive you, Richard," she made answer, "for you remove the first, because you are a lover, and naturally feel anxious for Lillian; but you, sir," she added, in a reproachful tone, which can only prove temporary; for when the governor and council have recovered from their fright, the riot will have no difficulty in restored back again."

"And the second?"

"That my husband thinks exactly as you do."

"Then I am sure you will yield."

"Not I," replied the young fellow," exclaimed her ladyship, laughingly. "When I married Sir Charles, he would have quitted the service, but I refused to listen to it, for I knew how closely he felt wedded to his profession. In becoming the wife of a soldier, I accepted all the inconveniences of my choice, even to the packing up of my dresses, the management of my basket, and the breaking off of so many pleasant acquaintances."

"You forget the danger!"

"Pshaw! there is none."

Lillian, however, was not of the same opinion, and she trembled not only for the safety of her protector, who had acted towards her like a parent, but at the thought of a separation from the man she loved.

Here queen Rose, too, looking as wretched as if her husband were already in front of the enemy!" exclaimed the lady, as the wife of Mark Ragnor made her appearance in the drawing-room, her eyes red with weeping. "Why, Rose,"

she added, "I gave you credit for more courage."

Lilly, who had thrown her arms round the neck of her foster mother, tried to take away her tears.

"It is not that," sobbed the woman, "not that."

"What is it, then?"

Mark has been placed under arrest by order of Major Finkhausen."

"That horrible little major," observed her ladyship, "is always doing some disagreeable thing or another."

"It cannot be for any very grave offence," said our hero; "we are all barrooks with Sir Charles for him."

Rose wrung her hands.

"He will release him," whispered Lillian.

"He dares not," murmured the distracted wife. "It is for no slight breach of discipline, but a far more serious charge."

"Drunkenness?"

"No."

"What then?"

"For having released a prisoner who was placed under his care. My husband commanded the prison guard."

"And the name of the prisoner?"

"Sanderson."

"Poor Rose!" said her protectress, when she heard the name," this is indeed unfortunate. The plot thickens, and the long-concealed truth must soon be known. Better to have learnt it at once."

CHAPTER LVII.

OLD MIKE AND FREDDIE DICK AGAIN.

Before relating the circumstances under which Sanderson became a private in the same regiment with Mark Ragnor, we must leave India for awhile and request our readers to return with us to England, promising that the voyage shall not be a very tedious one.

"Presto," as the charlatan says, and it is accomplished. We are no longer in the city of pelicans on the banks of the Hooghly, but in Kent, at the gate of one of the vast naval arsenals in which the true power and greatness of the British empire are centered, where we shall find two shareholders in our ship, and get forgotten, we trust, by our readers.

When Freddie Dick became an inmate of the dockyard at Chatham, like most convicts on their arrival, he displayed great insubordination and indolence; but the iron discipline of the establishment very soon brought him to a different state of mind, and taught him that a different line of conduct was necessary, if he wished to pass his sea-years pleasantly, or as quickly as possible.

Gradually, therefore, he cooled down—began to show a disposition to listen to the advice and exhortations of the chaplain, who, being himself a man of no small ability, succeeded in producing an impression upon his dissolute nature, felt an interest in him.

It was something like the pride which the keeper of a menagerie feels in dispelling the gloom over the ferocious animal he had tamed.

We need not inform our readers that it was all pretence on the part of the convict; neither penitence nor remorse had ever touched his callous nature, but simple cunning. Seven years was a long period of time to look forward to—to bear with the labor—doing all requisite which the chaplain against his heedless partner, two, and writes beneath the impression of gratifying it. He could have stood four, but seven was too much; the number haunted him, and he determined, if possible, to abridge it.

In this job he had made up his mind to this new line of conduct, that his former companion in misfortune—as he was pleased to term his quondam detection and condemnation—joined him!

Out of the wife of the place—for even amongst the miserable slaves of the dockyard there are such persons—paraded, on the arrival of Mike, the well-known face of old Mike, who recognised their fate, and in death they were not separated."

On clanking on the wall, "Keep your eye on the youth, and hugged together in their age.

It was not long before Mr. Fielder Dick began to experience the benefit of the change in his conduct; for no sooner was it known to the keepers and guardians that his was a case in which the chaplain felt an interest, than they grew somewhat interested in it themselves, and took a pride in it.

They, too, were wise in their generation. Any trouble with Freddie Dick would entail on them the leavage of him, they well knew would meet with but little attention from a man who, by the power of eternity, required the advice and consolation of the chaplain, whom the governor had spoken to in a tone of remonstrance, if he was not present at sing.

Amongst the fraternity of which Dick and his friend Mike were not undistinguished members, the latter was the object of imprisonment may be assigned, and the period of their penal servitude shortened, as well as their punishment made the lighter.

Freddie Dick was a man who was not to be moved by such influences, and he was therefore left to work out his own salvation.

The cynical rascal had evidently a keen sense of the ridiculous.

"I'll tell you what it is, old *fake*," said the youngest of the pair, one day, as they paced up and down the large, vaulted apartment in which they were allowed to take their exercise in bad weather, "I shall be obliged to cut your acquaintance."

"Why so?"

"Because sure you are a reprobate. Why won't you be converted? it aint so very hard after all to be fat. You'd find yer advantage in it."

"I have no desire."

Dick replied by a knowing shake.

"Don't you see how I'm getting on? wonderful the speaker;?" and it ain't by no means the worst dodge in the world, I'll be bold he no one is in—they'll never let me out."

"What!"

"Case there's no many great one in the world as has no interest in keeping one in," replied the convict, with an air of importance. "There is a prize even in crime. Your honest reader looks with contempt on a poor petty—any rogue. "I ain't even here for anything I have done; for, as you know, I was always partickler not to run any great risks."

"What war yer sent here for?"

"*For fear of what I might say*; and what makes it more aggravating, my own brother sent me here."

"Something like my fist," muttered his hearer,

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with a fearful expression. "But I never knew you had a brother!"

"Oh, yes, a twin."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised, now," observed Dick, "if that affair of Lilly's won't at the bottom on it."

"You are right."

"Well, you may as well tell me all about it. "Poor girl, I've no doubt Bet 'as done for her afore this."

"No, she isn't."

"I'm glad 'tisn't."

"I tell you she isn't," repeated Mike; "and I ought to know, seeing as she came to me the day after your misfortune, to ask for the share of the money I promised you, and I pumped it all out on her."

"You didn't give it her!" exclaimed the convict, with an expression of hatred so ferocious that even the speaker, accustomed as he was to his violence and temper, could not refrain from shuddering.

"Give it her," he repeated; "and do you take me for a fool?"

"But you got it?"

"Well, perhaps I did."

"All right," said Fiddler Dick, "out on."

"Well," answered Mike, "it was the brother of Mike I was speakin' on as bought the kid to me—I wish I'd never seen her."

"So do I," interrupted his friend.

"Jack found out for me where he lived. Would you believe it, the unnatural villain is rich, has a farm, servants, land—in short, lives like a gentleman. But that has nothing to do with Lilly, only to be very unpleasable."

"Was the child his'n?"

"No."

"Whose, then?"

"Can't exactly make out," answered the former gaoler of Lillian, who did not choose to impart more than was necessary for the discharge of his position, and the hopelessness he felt of any resolution of the sentence he had been sent back to the world to serve, "all I know is, there was a lady, a real born lady, in the case."

"And she paid the money?"

"Well, she did," answered Mike, hesitatingly; "and I must say she were very free at once, and would 'a' heard from me."

The mentioned drew down the corners of his mouth in that peculiar manner we have before alluded to.

"Of course I should," he said, pointing with the thumb of his right hand over the left shoulder.

"You don't doubt me?" said the speaker indignantly.

"He of little use if I did, seeing that the centers are all gone by this time, I'll be bound."

"No, they ain't," whimpered the old convict.

Fiddler Dick pricked up his ears at this piece of intelligence, which to him was exceedingly interesting, for he naturally considered that he had a moral, if not a legal, claim to a part of it.

"Why, you sink'r, you've got it!" he exclaimed, at the same time slapping Mike familiarly on the back. "Well, you are a downy one. Only to think o' dis!' the wonderers."

"But it ain't here," observed the old man; "do you think if it were I'd be such a fool as to allude to it?"

His pal looked disappointed. The reasoning was too conclusive to his own mind to count it.

"You so green as that," he continued the speaker.

"No I concealed it in a place known only to myself, and where only myself can find it, and where it will remain, unless I get out of this cursed place."

Mike's tone of unutterable contemptible friend, to a man of stronger resolution, would have been so sentimental as to rob a true pal of his share?"

"If Mike could be aware of the fact," replied the old man; "so it's no use screwing that on. If we get out together, maybe I should not mind a dividin'."

"How much is it?"

"More than enough to take us both to Australey, and leave us something to begin life on," answered Mike, cautiously, for he did not like to let the same the cunt seem to him. Like a prudent man, he always calculated on the eventualities that might arise.

"It was ever fifty, then?" exclaimed Fiddler Dick.

"Over two fifties," whispered his pal.

"I thought so," muttered the former, bitterly. "*Well, that was human,*" observed the old convict.

"Of course, I wasn't going to throw my chance, and I take all the risk: and a pretty risk it has turned out! What good is the fin to me, and I here?"

"Why won't you be converted?" demanded the ex-constable, in a persuasive tone; "it's the widest thing in the world—and safe."

"I know all about it," interrupted his hearer, impatiently; "and would be tried in a week for you; only, as I told you afore, I know'd it would be no use."

"Don't be ill."

"But I can. Why else am I here, and my dickey-bird's called in? I don't desire nothing of the kind. Let me explain it all. You'll never see the right on it unless I do."

"Explain away, old snake."

After receiving this gracious permission, his respected friend resumed his narrative.

"As I told you," he said, "I was quite discovered when my precious brother, my twin, was a livin', and feeling quite lonely like, for the boy had gone to sea, I thought I'd look him up. Well, I did, and a pretty visit I made of it, for he and his housekeeper nearly pizen'd me with their victuals."

"Cleverly done."

"Very. Whilst staying with him I learnt something—what that something was I ain't equal' to tell you, so it's no use, if pickin' up your ears; but it was a curious secret."

"About Lilly?" eagerly demanded Fiddler Dick.

"About Lilly."

"And I here," muttered the husband of Bess in a tone of bitterness between his teeth. "She shall pay for it if ever I get free."

"*No doubt of that,*" observed Mike, quickly. "In fact, I told her so myself—but that is not your affair, and nothin' to my point. Well, I mannidly thought I might just as well turn an honest penny by the secret I had gained, and I wrote to Andrew as"

"Who is Andrew?"

"My beautiful twin brother."

"All right; go on."

"He promised to meet me in London at the 'Keys' in the Mint. I had given him eight days; if I had known all I might have given him longer. Well, what do you think he done?"

"No idea."

"He gone to my lord mayor, or some other lord, who is one of the queen's ministers, and related to the baby I told you on, and gets an order here to serve out the rest of my time."

"Why that is for life!" exclaimed his companion.

"Precisely."

Fiddler Dick gave an expressive whistle. It might be intended to convey his admiration of the tact of Andrew, or an indication of surprise as the extraordinary account he had just listened to.

"And now," added the convict, "you see why I don't think it safe to be caught in conversation for it a different case. I should think they'd let you out in another year or so, for you don't exactly ingly well; and grocers and turns up the white of your eyes as naturally as life. But it would be no use to me, mine is a settled gait; there's a black mark against me, and I've been to Swift Thro'; and expose him and myself, too, upon the business."

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"That he considered your reformation complete."

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IGNORANCE.

There was a time when ignorance could scarcely be called a vice. In the dark ages, ignorance was a matter of necessity with the great bulk of mankind, and was generally a ground for pity by intelligent nations and rude freedom of manners to which that ignorance gave rise. But in the present circumstances of a cause over which our ancestors had no control, there is obtained a far different character for the latter. But in the present enlightened state of our country, the measures among us have been of the most liberal kind, and the number and banishment of America's wise and laughters, means of information and improvement are now easier accessible than in the earlier and dark ages did not exist, even for the wealthy and noble.

REMOVING AND FORGETTING.—In one of the battles fought by the Duke of Brunswick, two French noblemen were left wounded among the dead on the field of battle. One complained loudly of his pains; the other, after a long silence, thus offered him consolation: "My friend, whoever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the scaffold; and if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are dust away."

CONSEQUENCES OF GIVING ADVICE.

The following story of young ladies, though apparently founded upon the rock of eternal attachment, terminated in the most unfortunate way. "My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure suited her style of beauty. Her face was a Grecian head, I should say, to obtain from it in future." The other naturally offended by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the benefit of your friendship demands some return. Your style of beauty is that of a Venus de Medici, plus enough for the ease of her upper robes actually to display the symmetry of her shoulders." Such was the result of this correspondence, which, from the awful act, ended in the most unfortunate way. "My dearest Jane, I do not think your figure suited her style of beauty. Her face was a Grecian head, I should say, to obtain from it in future." The other naturally offended by such unsolicited candor, replied, "I feel very much obliged to you, my dear friend, for the benefit of your friendship demands some return. Your style of beauty is that of a Venus de Medici, plus enough for the ease of her upper robes actually to display the symmetry of her shoulders." Such was the result of this correspondence, which, from the awful act, ended in the most unfortunate way.

LITTLE HERBERT

BY ANNIE ARGENTA.

Little household angel,
Sitting on the floor,
Playing with the shoe
Keeping toward the door

Last long, smiling, breathless,
For the entering foot!
Oh! beloved baby,
What is half so sweet?

Innocent magnetic,
Without reckoning wiles
Turns the children's playing
Into merry smiles.

Charm-like hairs of sunset,
Smooth the brow of care
Oh! beloved baby,
What is half so fair?

Yet how strangely stirred
Gravity and grace,
With their mingling beauty,
In the little face!

Oh! can these good darling,
All therefore, die? Must fly,
Like the lovely lilies
For the home on high?

Cannot all our loving
Make their spirits long?
Cannot their pure glory
Linger round them yet?

Sleep with us, Angel,
Sleep, dear Herbert, sleep,
Thus for help and healing,
Was to beauty given.

Yet' we may not trust thee
All day softly, darling,
Nor leave thee alone.
Thou dear immortal!

Yet we love thee, baby,
With our utmost care;
Oh! we will watch,
And at thee stand.

THE WEDDING TICKET;

OR,

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

BY WILLIAM HENRY ROSEND.

"Rich!"

"Very."

"Handsome!"

"He was the handsomest man in his class when he graduated." All the ladies fell in love with him on commencement day."

"And he is to be here next week?"

"Yes—on a visit to his cousin, Charles Kingsbury, who bought the old Fairfield Place."

"And what has he?" said Kate Loring gluconi, as she spoke, into her mirror, with a glance of satisfied vigilance, light sparkling in her eyes, as though that Napoleonic fire which was omitted from the soul " the man of destiny," had been said, on the eve of one of his battles, "I will on the morrow drink the enemy, and capture his cannon"

The other dialogist in the boudoir of the fair maiden was her second cousin, Jane Jarvis, a sort of dependent, who, for want of a home—long ago orphaned, and left to the cold charity of relatives, was content to be their drudge, their slave, humble, pious girl of eight-and-twenty, who never had an opinion of her own in the presence of her superiors, was timid at the sight of the table; who never took pic, or pudding, or any delicacy unless she knew there were a sufficiency for her after everybody else had been helped to the humble, dimpled poor relation, who could fill a corner and make herself useful, and actually, by her services in the household, concealed her state of dependence, day by day.

Kate Loring was dressed for a party at the opening of our story. Without doubt she looked fascinating. Her eyes were dangerous in their wicked and bewitching play of expression. Her smile were bewildering! Her voice, in some of its tones—and she well knew the power of these certain captivating intonations—was irresistible!

The scene of our tale is a village in New York, but a village of intelligence, wealth and fashion! a suburb of New York! nicely within the call by the idea of which do their stopping in Broadway. Railroads have thus made innumerable villages suburban, where is to be found, more or less than the gaiety, society a la metropolitaine.

Kate Loring was the belle of the village, and would have been a belle in Fifth Avenue. Her father was a talented lawyer, who had become intemperate, yet held his own; for he was a scholar, as well as a gentleman "of the old somebores," and even in his cups he carried himself with the dignified port of a gentleman, challenging respect even from those who would have cut him. He was of course poor, but had managed to get the only child an education of the highest order at a boarding-school in New York, which, since her mother's death, in Kate's seventh year, had been her home until four months prior to the opening of her tale, when she came back to her father a magnificent creature, and creating a sensation in every circle of society.

She was a very dangerous person, therefore. Her father had inherited from a deceased brother his Tory the deceased, Colonel Loring, of the old school, and keeping one thousand in provide good victuss for himself, he gave the rest to Kate, saying Kate, saying—

"There, my darling dragon: Take that and take books, and catch a fish with silver gilt. It is all your good—all of a father can do for you. But don't take up with vulgar suitors and goldgoos! Goldish, girl! Remember you are of good blood, and can't grub grand-daughter of one of the old colonial governors! Stand by blood, Kate, say I, with a hatchet!

The "belle" went to the party for which she was dressed, as "maids Jean," like the little-fated Cinderella, shall at home, in patience and humility for poor humanity soon adapts itself to any position into which it falls when poured out of the cornucopia of Fortune.

The high birth, beauty, education, wit and presumption of Kate Loring obtained for her all the deference and homage her heart could covet. She moved through the gay halls, the "queen confident of beauty and of fashion."

Late in the festivities two gentlemen entered the room. At the moment she was haughtily cancelling a lovely girl, who had received great attention and been pre-engaged for seven or eight sets, while, when not dancing, the gentlemen gathered about her with admiration. Not that Kate had not a dozen pre-engagements, and was not herself the cynosure of a brilliant circle of gentlemen, when she was not dancing; but, like Shanac, she not only desired honor for herself, but envied Morehead! While Miss Gardiner (Augustine Gardiner, as she heard her name was received each situation, she was miserable until the court which her own beauty and talents had assembled around her.

She had not noticed this fair, blue-eyed maiden early in the evening, and only when she beheld her engaged by the best dancers and the most desirable young gentlemen in the room, after they had danced with herself.

"Who is that girl?" she had asked of a young lawyer near her.

"Do you mean Miss Tenola Gardiner? I see you look at her."

"That is her name."

"Augustine. She is the daughter of our senator. She has been in the West for a year—at St. Louis I believe—and only got home last week. She is one of the prettiest and sweet girls I ever knew. She is universally beloved. You ought to know her. But then you have been for years in New York; and—

"I do not."

"Not worth five hundred dollars."

A smile of intelligence passed over the belle's face, yet it disappeared as she perceived, while the young lady laughed merrily, and replied to some remarks made by those near, how sweetly her eyes beamed and how full of beauty and grace was her smile, while her manners were surpassingly attractive; and she hated her in her heart!

Late in the evening, about twelve o'clock, Miss Loring had ceased to be thrown a near Augustine Gardiner as to render it impossible that the gentlemen, mutually acquainted with each lady, who were conversing with them, should not have done them. But Miss Loring perstitingly looked upon the young lady herself warily, and replied to some remarks made by those near, how sweetly her eyes beamed and how full of beauty and grace was her smile, while her manners were surpassingly attractive; and she hated her in her heart!

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LINDA DYING.

BY SALLIE M. UNTAN.

My wife's young dream of Paradise,
Love—all is over—all is right!
And I shall not behold the skies!
My daughter has not reached her eighteen light—
Shall pass on the eternal Heaven
And things unclean, strangers be—
Yet—be this our regret forever—
My mother—I shall see them there!

Last even Arthur passed among
The violets on you lowlier hill,
And told me—oh, my heart is wrung,
Yet bless shall be—he loved me still,
But that this night's cold stars would hear
Another tale to-day! Oh, I
See them most fond o'er-head—
Where—there, this—there, and he on this.

How is a rose tied formed of pearls,
The only gem I ever wore—
He's gathered up these careless curls
And twined them in a golden cord,
To him in sometimes when I thought
The darkness of his brow's arch hair,
And think that Linda loved him not,
Therefor he wore the title there.

And, mother, see his every head,
Oh, how I've watched it—how I know
Each, when in you lowlier grave I'm laid,
Let it entwine my arm as now;
And then—mouth, mine that I could taste
His picture with me to the skies—
Lest, and the angel should have
I ugh to gaze in his blue eyes!

The night is still, the wind is low,
I hear the sweep of angels wings—
Some sweet—and through the Silver
A strange, deep music faintly rings.
Mother, I'm ready—I have seen
Those beckoning hands—the luminous dreams—
See ring the chimes and the sweet tones
Are floating—I am coming!

Low—a flood of lovely light
Broke from their wings to gild the way;
Mother, I'm ready—I am coming!
Will to the path without—I shall see
Yet hear the rising wind, the rain,
Mute dark the shadows—I am coming!
Hush, mother! kiss me once again,
And let thy wave bless go!

HOME COMFORTS.

BY SUZANNE COBB, JR.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson, as her husband arose from the supper-table, and took his hat.

"O—I'm going out," was the careless response.

"But where?"

"What odds does it make, Emma? I shall be back at my usual time."

The wife remained silent, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to spend quietly upon it, and which she had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, and she could not let the opportunity pass. It required an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said, in a kind, but breathless tone. "If I cannot have your company from one home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George, I know nothing about you when you are not with me."

Pooh! Would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always suspicious, and the fairest object is away. If I did not love you as I do, I might not be thus anxious. When you are at your place of business I never feel that because I know that you are safe and that you sit any moment; but when you are absent during those long evenings, I get to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so our time passes away another, until I feel troubled and uneasy. O—If you would stay with me a portion of these evenings!"

"Ahh—I thought that was what you were driving at!" said George, with a joyful flash of the head. "You would have me less evenings."

"Well—yes you would—it is!" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George, with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue so to do, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember—one of us or more was to meet a-week."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have a place in which to live," answered the wife, somewhat crestfallen.

"And is it our home," pursued George. "And," he added, with a sort of comfort flourish, "a home is the wife's peculiar province. She has charge of it, and all her work is there; while the duties of the husband call him to other business."

"Aye—I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "But you must remember that we both need relaxations from labor: we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment; and what reason have we for these ours our evenings? Why should not this be my home's evenings as well as be the daytime and in the night?"

"Well—don't it?" asked George.

"How can it be? you are not here! What makes a home for children, if it be not the shade of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And—what real home comforts can a wife enjoy when her husband is absent? You do not realize how lonesome I am all alone here during those long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship, and when you would be so happy to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the hapless hours of home-life might be passed. Come and try, now, and spend a few of your evenings with me."

"I see enough of you as it is," said the husband, lightly.

"After me to be the judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here, all alone."

"Ha! if it was my place of business, as it is at yours," returned the young man. "You are used to staying here. All whom belong at home."

Just so—and you see, husband, that, previous to our marriage, I had pleasant society all the time. Of course I remained at home with you at that time; but I had a father and mother there—and I had relatives and sisters there; and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave all up for you. I left my home, and sought a home with my husband! And now, here's not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening, while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why—I should like it well enough."

"Ah—but you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes, I would," said George, at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week, and let me spend them among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will; and I assure you I shall not be so lonesome as you imagine."

With that the husband went out, and was soon among his friends. He was a sturdy, industrious man, and loved his wife truly; but, like thousands of others, he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought of no harm. His only practical idea of home seemed to be, that it was a place where his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he tended it in a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any requested favor, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and "keep house."

"What will you do while I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O—I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well. I shall be back in good season," The wife, she left, and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting book, and he began to read it. He read till night o'clock, and then he began to yawn, and refer frequently to the dial. The book did not interest him as usual. Ever and anon he would look at his watch, and wonder why Emma would please his wife, and instinctively he turned his thought by what road it would take. Here was no wife to hear it. At half-past eight he arose from his chair and began to pace the floor, and whistle. Then he went and got his flute, and performed upon it for half an hour. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," she said, in her quick, kind manner, "have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Splendid!" replied the husband. "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have had a good time."

"O—splendid. I had no idea how much enjoyment was to be found at home. Home is a dull place, after all. Isn't it?"

"Why—no—I don't say that it is," returned George. "I rather like it."

"I'm glad of that," returned Emma, "for we shall both enjoy ourselves more. You shall open the ice, comfortable week of it."

George looked rather sad at this, but he kept his countenance, and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma proposed to go sewing again.

"I shall be back in good season," she said.

"Where are you going?" her husband asked.

"O—I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as he had done on the previous week. Here and anon he would cast his eye upon the handsome clock, and he would groan and curse. "How pleasant it would be if she were here." The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the step of his wife. Half an hour he employed by, and he became very nervous and uneasy. "I declare," he said to himself, "I can't stand it any longer." And he made no reply.

He had begun to remember that he often remained away from home thus, but he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At fifteen minutes of ten Emma came.

"A little late, isn't I?" she said, nodding up at the clock. "But I did in with some old friends, and we made a long call. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First rate," returned George, bravely. "I think Home is a great place."

Especially when one can have it all to himself," added his wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband, ere she went, and seemed to hesitate some.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked, in an undertone.

"I may drop in to see Uncle John," replied the wife. "However, you won't be uneasy. You'll know I'm safe."

"O—certainly."

When the husband was left to his own reflections, he began to ponder seriously upon the subject then presented for consideration. He could not read—he could not play—he could not employ himself in any way, while THAT CHAIR was empty. In short, he found that Home had no real comfort without his wife. The cozy nooks needed to make his Home cheerful was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she finds me so? Can it be that she finds it dull? Can it be so," he pressed, thoughtfully. "It is just as she says. Before we were married, she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable there."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this. I should die in a week. If Emma were only here, I think I could enjoy myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is. And only eight o'clock. I declare—I've a mind to walk down to Uncle John's, and see if she is there. It would be a relief to see her face. I won't go in. She don't know yet that I hold out so finally."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps towards Uncle John's. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along, with his eyes bent upon the sidewalk, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up, and—he could not be mistaken—love his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George!" she said, in surprise, "is this you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And you do not pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word, and even now I have not been absent from home. I was coming to see if you were not out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George. Will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband. She took his arm, and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken off her shawl, she sat down in her rocking-chair, and gazed up at the clock.

"You came home early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful, she answered:

"I will confess the truth, George; I have given up the evenings. I intended to stay a little longer this evening; but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone, I wanted to be with you. Indeed I was right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. Home is not home to me!"

"Say you so," asked George, moving his seat to his wife's side, and taking one of her hands. "Then let us agree on conditions. I have stood it one week, and you have left the home this evening; I cannot—I will not longer. I found that I was no happier in the world by a man's leaving it. It was argued by the Greeks, and in the course of time it was determined, by the sages of Athens, as the wisest, and finally enacted the dignity and authority of the law, that a man's home was his castle. Shall we not make it so? Shall we not keep it as a castle, and be safe in its origin to Apollo himself. For this belief Cicero, according to Plutarch, was a Roman. A man's home is his castle, and whether it is so appears too great for mortal man."

"I agree to your terms, my husband," said the young woman. They spend a great deal of time in learning to be happy. Let us not be among the number. And it is a settled a moment that God himself is represented by the husband, and the wife represents the church. Let us not experiment shall be that effect. I will try and see if we can't make Heaven on earth."

"Amen to that," said George, heartily. "I think Home is a great place."

Especially when one can have it all to himself," added his wife, with a sidelong glance at her husband.

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PROSPECTUS.—We cannot sympathize with you at all. The exhibition of brutal rage disgusts us; and we have a perfect horror of bloodshed, even when it is shed in the cause of justice. You did very wrong to get into a regular row, we assure you, and thereby break up the party which had ordered the carriage, and disappointed and mystified the coachman. We never can advise you right in refusing alms that time or abroad your party or plan where it is known you are to be present. You should imitate the renegade, Sarah Hawley, depicted in Bunnell's story of "BLACK BESSIE," and take refuge among the aborigines of the forest. Among them you could practice your charities to your heart's content, and repent it would not suffice to receive you into their society.

A Scene.—Scene among merchants. Enter a gentleman with a parcel under his arm. Merchant No. 1 (to merchant No. 2)—Who is that gentleman? Merchant No. 2—Don't know his name, but he is a perfect gentleman, as an old man for gentlemanly bearing. If a person is not an inborn master of politeness, he can learn it from observing the manners of such a man as he. Merchant No. 1—Yes, and I will soon get to be a gentleman, for I am constantly in the habit of seeing you. Merchant No. 2—Sir, you are a scoundrel, and I will soon get to be a gentleman, for I am constantly in the habit of seeing you. Merchant No. 1—Sir, you are a scoundrel